
M. DE *VOLTAIRE*'s

TEMPLE

OF

TASTE.

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M. DE VOLTAIRE

EMPIRE

OF

TASTE

76
THE
TEMPLE
OF
TASTE.

By M. de VOLTAIRE.

Front de Voltaire



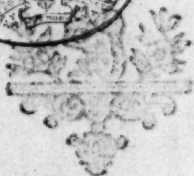
LONDON:

Printed for J. Hazard, against Stationers Hall, near Ludgate, and W. Bickerton, at Lord Bacon's Head without Temple Bar, 1734.

THE
TEMPLE
OF
TASTE.

46

By M. de V.



LONDON:

Printed for N. Howard, against the
Library, near the
Baker's, at the Old Bailey, and
on the 17th of 1734.



LETTER

OF

Mr. de V----

TO

Mr. de C----

S I R,



*YOU saw, and can
witness, how This Trifle
was conceiv'd, and
executed. It was The*

*Amusement of a Society. You
had your Share in it, as well
as*

as others; each of the Company furnish'd his Notions; and my Part was little more, than to reduce them to Writing.

Mr. de—— said, It was a pity BAYLE had swell'd his Dictionary with more than two hundred Articles of Ministers, and Lutheran or Calvinist Professors; that, in looking for the Article of CÆSAR, he had met with only That of JOHN CÆSARIUS, Professor at Boulogne; and that, instead of SCIPIO, he had found six large Pages on GERARD SCIOPPIUS. Upon This, it was agreed, by a plurality of Voices, to reduce BAYLE to One single Volume, in The Library of THE TEMPLE OF TASTE,

You

You All assured me, you had been sufficiently tired with reading The History of the French Academy; that you interested yourselves very little in the several Details of the Works of BALESDENS, PORCHERES, BARDIN, BAUDOUIN, FARET, COLLETET, COTTIN, and other such great Men; and I believ'd you on your Words. It was added, that there is no Lady at present, who does not write better Letters, than VOITURE. It was said, that St. EVREMONT ought never to have written Verse, and that All his Prose did not deserve to be printed. It is the Judgment of the Publick; and I, who find All Books too long, especially my own, reduce all These Volumes to a very few Pages.

In

In All This I am but The Publick's Secretary: If Those, who lose their Cause, complain, They shou'd not address themselves to the Person, who draws up The Decree.

I know, The Politicians consider This Innocent Pleasantry of THE TEMPLE OF TASTE, as a serious Attempt. They pretend, that none, but an ill-designing Person, can advance, that The Castle of Versailles has but seven Cross Windows in Front, next the Court, and maintain that LE BRUN, The King's first Painter, was deficient in Colouring.

The Rigorists say, it is impious to place The Opera Ladies, Lucretius, and The Doctors of the Sorbonne, in THE TEMPLE OF TASTE.

Authors

Authors, whom we never thought of, exclaim at the Satire, and take it ill, that their Faults are pointed out, but their Beauties pass'd in silence; an unpardonable Crime, which They never will forgive; and They call THE TEMPLE OF TASTE a Diffamatory Libel.

They add, that it betrays a malignancy of Disposition, never to commend any Person, without a small Corrective; and that, in this dangerous Work, we never fail to scratch those a little, whom we caress.

I will reply in two words to This Accusation: He, who commends every thing, is but a Flatterer; He only knows how to praise, who praises with restriction.

b

In

In short, to range our Ideas in order, as is necessary in This enlighten'd Age, I will say, we ought to distinguish a little between a Criticism, Satire, and A Libel.

To say, that the Treatise of Studies is a Book, which is always useful, and that, for this reason, we ought to retrench some Pleasantries, and Vulgar Expressions, little agreeable to so serious a Work: to say, that The Worlds is a charming, and as yet unrival'd, Performance, and that one is sorry to find, in it, that The Day is a Fair, and The Night a Brown, Beauty; This is Criticism.

When BOILEAU says

*Pour trouver un Auteur sans défaut,
La Raison dit Virgile, and la Rime Quinault:*

This

This is Satire; and unjust Satire in every sense; saving the respect due to That Author: For The Rime of defaut is not fine enough to require That of QUINAUT; and it is as little true, to say, that VIRGIL is without fault, as to say that QUINAUT is without Genius, and without Beauty.

The Couplets of ROUSSEAU, The Masque of Lavernum, and such horrible Stuff; Such Expressions are what we call a Difamatory Libel.

All Good-Natur'd Men, who think, are Critics; The Malignant are Satirists; The Perverse are Libellers: and Those, who, together with my self, drew up THE TEMPLE OF TASTE, are neither ill-natur'd, nor bad, Men.

In a Word, This was our Amusement for more than fifteen Days. The Ideas succeeded each other; every Evening, we made some Alteration; and This produced seven or eight TEMPLES OF TASTE, absolutely different.

One day, we introduc'd Foreigners; the next we admitted only French-Men. The Maffei's, The Pope's, The Bononcini's, have lost many Lines, hereupon, which need not be regretted. However it was, This Piece of Pleasantry was not designed to be made Publick.

One of the worst, and most incorrect, Copies of This Trifle was printed, and publish'd, without my knowledge; and it was very unjust, in the Person, whoever he was, who sent it to the Press.

Per-

*Perhaps it may be more wrong
still to publish this new Edition.
We ought not to make The Publick
The Confidant of Our Amusements.
But the Folly is committed; and
it is One of Those Cases, in which
we must necessarily be guilty of a
Fault.*

*The Publick, then, has this lit-
tle Sketch (if it deserves the name)
such as it was composed in a Socie-
ty, which cou'd amuse themselves
without Gaming, which cultivated
The Belles Lettres without a Spi-
rit of Party, which was fonder of
Truth, than Satire, and knew how
to praise without Flattery.*

*Had the Design been to write
A Dissertation on TASTE, we
shou'd have desired the DE CO-
TES, and the BAUFRANCS, to dis-
course with us on Architecture,
The*

*The COYPELS to define their Art
with Spirit, The DESTOUCHES
to inform us what are The Beau-
ties of Musick, The CREDIL-
LONS to paint the Terror, which
ought to animate the Theatre:
the little each wou'd have said on
his own Science wou'd have fill'd
a large Volume in Folio. But we
were satisfied with giving The
Sentiments of the Publick in gene-
ral; and MY Province was to
hold The Pen.*

*I have but a word more to say
on our young Nobility, who employ
the happy leisure of Peace in cul-
tivating Learning and Arts; far
different, in This, from the au-
gust Visigoths, their Ancestors,
who cou'd not even sign their
Name. If there be yet any, in
our polite Nation, such Barba-
rians*

rians, and Half-Wits, as to disapprove so noble an Employ, we may venture to affirm, they won'd do as much if they had abilities for it. I am persuaded, that, when a Man does not cultivate a Talent, it is because He is not Master of it; that every One will make Verses, who is born a Poet, and compose Musick, who is born a Musician.

All that remains, is, to tell the grave Criticks, who allow no Amusement to be reputable, but Lansquenet, and Biribi, that The Courtiers of Lewis XIV, when they returned from The Conquest of Holland, in the Year 1672, danced on The Theatre of LULLI, in Belleaire's Tennis-Court, with the Dancers of The Opera, and that no one pretended to reflect on them for so doing. With more reason

son then, I think, ought we to pardon our Youth, for having Wit and Sense, in an Age, which understood nothing but Debauchery.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

Each Point That Author hits aright,

Who mixes Profit with Delight.



THE



THE
 TEMPLE
 OF
 TASTE.



THE *Cardinal*, the Oracle
 of *France*; not the *Mentor*,
 who presides at the Helm,
 Just, Peaceable, Humble
 amidst Power, Master of All,
 more Master of Himself; not the *Cardi-
 nal-Minister*, but the *Nestor*, who is the
 Support of *Parnassus*; who has surpas-
 sed the Expectations of the Learned;
 The Patron, and *Mecænas*, of the Age;
 and whose Mild, Persuasive, Eloquence
 reigns with Universal Influence; The

B

Cardi-

Cardinal, who has taught *Philosophy* herself to speak the beautiful Language of *Poetry*, uniting the Harmony of *Virgil* with the Reasoning of *Plato*; Heaven's Great Avenger, and Vanquisher of *Lucretius* (1); The *Cardinal*, in short, whom Every One knows by This Picture, invited me, one Day, to accompany him to *The Temple of Taste*.

"It is an *Abode*", said He, "which All the World speaks of, which Few visit, and which They, who travel thither, seldom take the Pains to examine. It is fit you should have a nearer view of the *Deity*, you would serve. You have taken him for your Master; and He is, at least ought to be, so; but you adore him at too great a distance; and my design is to bring you better acquainted with Him."

I thank'd his *Eminency* for his Goodness, and said to Him; "I am extremely indiscrete; If you take me with you, I shall certainly boast of it to all the World. Presently it will be

The Cardinal de Polignac has written a Latin Poem against Lucretius. The Men of Learning know the beautiful Verses, with which it begins.

Pieridum si forte lepos austera canentes
Deficit, Eloquio victi, re viacimus ipsa.

"expected

" expected, I shou'd compose a large
 " Volume on this *Little Pilgrimage*.
 " *Voltaire* pretends to nothing more, than
 " a Plain, Short, Narrative; which yet
 " will expose him to Ridicule, will give
 " Offence to the *Courtiers*, and be look'd
 " upon, by *the Town*, as meer Invention,
 " a *Tale of a Tub*, or a *Voyage to Utopia*.
 " Besides, shou'd some Ill-natur'd Critic
 " demand, where, and in what Corner
 " of the World, This *Divine Mansion* is
 " situated, what wou'd your *Eminency*
 " have me say? "

The Cardinal replied, " that The
 " *Temple* was situated in the Country of
 " *Polite Arts*; that I must absolutely
 " follow him; and that, if I exposed
 " my self to a little Ridicule, there was
 " no great harm in it; it was in my
 " Power to return the Jest." I obey'd,
 and We set out.

You was of the Party, most amiable
 Abbot; you, who art always inspired by
Taste; whose Genius is delicate, and just;
 and whose Example deigns to point out
 to me The Unerring Path to *Taste*; That
God, whom many a *Wit* of the present
 Age takes so much pains to be igno-
 rant of.

We met with several *Interruptions* in
 Our Way. The First was *Messieurs Or-*

us, Lexicocrassus, Scriverius, a Cloud of Commentators, who were restoring Passages, and writing whole Volumes on an Unintelligible Word. There I saw the Daciers (2,) and Salmasius's (3,) Fellows over

(2) *Mr. Dacier was a Man of great Learning; he understood every thing in the Ancients, but their Beauties: His Commentaries discover great Erudition, but little Taste. He has translated very grossly the Delicacies of Horace.*

If Horace says to his Mistress,

Miseri, quibus
Intentata nites;

Dacier says; Malheureux ceux, qui se laissent attirer par cette bonace, sans vous connoître. i. e. Unhappy They, who suffer themselves to be deceiv'd by This Calm, without knowing You. He translates

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda Tellus.

C'est maintenant qu'il faut boire, & que, sans rien craindre, il faut danser de toute sa force. i. e. It is now we ought to drink, and, without fearing any thing, dance with all our might. And,

Mox juniores quærit adulteros;

Elles ne sont pas plutôt mariées, qu'elles cherchent de nouveaux galans. i. e. No sooner are they married, but they look out for new Gallants.

But, tho' he disguises Horace, and his Notes are Learned, without Taste, yet his Book is full of useful Researches, and the Publick applauds his Pains, notwithstanding his want of Genius.

(3) *Claudius Salmasius, of Dijon, spent almost his whole*

over head and ears in *learned Fooleries*; their Complexion was yellow; their Eyes red and dry; and their Backs bending beneath a Load of Greek Authors, all besmear'd with Ink, and cover'd with Dust. I cou'd not forbear calling out to them not to enter the *Temple of Taste* to clean themselves. "We, Gentlemen!" replied They; "by no means: Thank Heaven! *Taste* is not our Study; There is no such Thing in nature: Our Business is to digest, with great exactness, the Thoughts of others; we never think ourselves."

After this ingenuous Confession, These Gentlemen surrounded our Coach, and wou'd absolutely have oblig'd us to read certain Passages of *Dictys Cretensis*, and *Metrodorus Lampisacensis*, which Gronovius, as they pretended, had maim'd. We

whole Life in writing large Volumes against Justus Lipsius, and Heinsius, on useless Questions. At last he undertook to defend the most serious, and most famous, Cause, that ever was; I mean. That of Charles I, King of England, against Cromwell. We meet with the following Passage at the beginning of a Book, written by Him, on this Subject, by Order of Charles II. Anglois, qui vous renvoyez les tetes des Rois comme des Balles de paume, qui jouez à la boule avec les Couronnes, & qui servez des sceptres comme de Marottes. i. e. Ye English, who make Tennis-Balls of the Heads of Kings, who play at bowls with Crowns, and use Scepters as Play-Things. Note, that Malton answer'd him in the same Style.

thank'd

thank'd them for their kindness, and continued our Journey.

We had scarce gone an hundred Steps, when we encounter'd a Person, surrounded with *Painters, Architects, Sculptors, Gilders, pretended Virtuosos, and Flatterers*; who *All* turn'd their Backs upon the *Temple of Taste*. This *Cræsus* repos'd himself with an Air of Self-Satisfaction, and Pride, and thus, in a bombast Tone, address'd his Followers.

" I have *much Money*, Gentlemen! and
 " *more Wit*; I may pass for the True
 " *God of Taste*; and, without Learning,
 " I know every Thing. I have a peir-
 " cing Eye in the Management of Affairs;
 " and, spight of Winds, Rocks, and Pi-
 " rates, have brought my Ship safe into
 " Harbour. Come on, then, build me
 " a *Magnificent Palace*; a Palace, fit for
 " *Me*; I need say no more: Crowd
 " every polite Art into the Structure,
 " and fit it for the daily reception of
 " my Admirers. I have Money enough:
 " Ye Rascals! hear, and obey me." He
 said, and fell asleep.

Instantly, The Rabble, about him, fell to work. A *Mason*, now Another *Vitruvius*, drew the *Plan*, which was overcharg'd with *Ornaments*. No *Vestibule*; much less A *Front*; but you might see

a long Suite of Rooms; the Walls were two Inches thick; the Closets large; the Salon Shallow; the Windows like Church-Doors; The Whole, in short, wainscotted, varnish'd, carv'd, and gilt.—The Admiration of Fools!

A Painter, who stood by, wak'd my Gentleman, and beg'd of him to admire the Industry of his Art, "*Raphael*," Sir! said he, "knew nothing of embellishing a Palace: I, alone, have the happy Talent of improving Nature. Give me leave to exercise my Pencil, in *Perspective*, on your Cielings, and vaulted Roofs."

Cræsus rouzes; He surveys, disposes, approves, and corrects, at a venture. A *Virtuoso*, by his side, with a *Perspective* in his hand, cried out; "Turn your Eyes this way; see here, Sir! This is for your Chappel. Let me recommend this Picture to your Purchase: It is God the Father, in his eternal Glory, prettily painted in the Taste of *Vatau*. (4.)"

(4) *Vatau* was a Dutch Painter, of the French School. He painted at Paris, where he died a few Years ago. He succeeded in small Figures, which were pretty and light, and finely grouped; but he perform'd nothing great, nor was, indeed, capable of it. *M. de Julienne* caus'd his Work to be engrav'd with great care.

In the mean time, a *tricking Bookseller*, the mercenary *Pirate of Wits*, and artful Vender of nonsense and wind, smiling with the Air and Mien of a Sharper, measur'd him out Books by the Yard; for his Honour is, above all things, very learned.

I was in hopes, after this little Stop, we shou'd have met with no farther Interruption, in our way to the *Temple*; but the Road is more dangerous, than I imagin'd. We, presently, fell into a new Ambuscade.

It was a *Concert of Musick*, given at a Country-Seat, whimsically situated, and as oddly built. The Master of the House, seeing the *Cardinal's* Coach at a distance, and knowing that his Eminency was just arriv'd from *Italy*, came to invite him to the *Concert*. He said to him, in few words, a great deal of ill of *Lully*, *Destouches*, and *Campra*, and assur'd him, that, in his *Concert*, there was no *French Musick*.

The *Cardinal*, in vain, remonstrated to him, that the *Italian*, and *French*, *Musick* were both good, in their kind; and that nothing is more ridiculous than *Italian*, sung after the *French* manner, unless, perhaps, it be *French*, sung after the *Italian* manner. For, said He to him, (with a tone of Voice, which gives new
Grace

Grace to Reason) " Nature, which is
 " fertile, ingenious, and wise, in distri-
 " buting her Gifts over the Universe,
 " speaks to All Mankind; but with dif-
 " ferent Accents: Thus every People
 " has its distinct *Language*, as well as
 " *Genius*, its Sounds, and its Accents,
 " suited to its Organs of Speech; mark-
 " ed out, with exactness, by the Hand of
 " Nature herself: The difference is ve-
 " ry sensible to a fine and judicious
 " Ear. In *France*, we shou'd sing after
 " the *French* manner. *Lully* adapted his
 " *Musick* to our Taste; and, instead of
 " altering, improv'd our Skill.

To these judicious words my Gentle-
 man replied with a shake of the Head.
 " Come, Come," said he; " You shall
 " be entertain'd with something *New*."
 We were obliged to go in; and now
 his Concert opens.

Immediately, Twenty coxcombly Ri-
 vals of the Great *Lully*, but much more
 enemies to Art and good Sense, with
 squeaking Accents, murder'd *French Ver-*
ses in *Italian Trills*. One Puppy, with
 a languishing Air, died away: Another
 Fool, admiring himself, and his fine
 Cloaths, quaver'd, and trill'd, and, beating
 false time, cried out *bravo*, when any
 one play'd out of tune.

C

We

We made the best of our way out :
And it was thro' many such Adventures,
that we arriv'd, *at last*, at *The Temple of Taste*.

The Foundation of this beautiful *Temple* was, originally, laid in *Greece*; its Structure firm and durable, and its Summit in the Clouds. It became the Wonder, and Praise, of the whole World. The *Roman*, long barbarous and untrac-table, yet mild in Victory, here laid down his *Barbarity*, and soften'd into *Politeness*: But the relentless and implacable *Mussulman* conquer'd, and raz'd, the *Temple*; (5.) The Ruins of which, dispers'd by the Fury of the *Infidel*, were collected together in *Italy*, and Another, soon after, erected on this Model, by *Francis I.* His Posterity despis'd the beautiful Architecture, 'till *Richelieu* arose, and repair'd the deserted Temple. *Lewis the Great*, at last, adorn'd it; and to This Sanctuary His faithful Minister, *Colbert*, drew the immortal Train of *Polite Arts*. *Europe* beheld, with Jealousy and Admiration, This *Temple* in its New Lustre

(5.) When Mahomet II. took Constantinople, in 1453, All the Greeks, who cultivated Arts and Sciences, took refuge in Italy. They were principally receiv'd by the Houses of Medicis, Est, and Bentivoglio, to whom Italy owes its Politeness, and its Glory.

and

and Beauty. How long it will continue, I pretend not to determine.

This wou'd be a proper Place to enlarge upon the *Structure* of This Edifice, and to talk of the *Arbitrave*, and *Archivolte*, If I intended not to be read. To avoid, therefore, the wordy *Impertinence* of M. *Felibien* (6,) who can treat of *Nothing* in all the Pomp of Language. I shall only observe, that This valuable Structure is not loaded with *Pieces of Antiquity*, such as our *Gothic* Ancestors were wont to crowd on the Walls of Their *Temples*; nor has it the pompous *Faults* of the *Chappel of Versailles*; That *Gew-Gaw*, which the *Vulgar* admire, but *Good Judges* deride.

It is much easier to say what This Temple *Is not*, than what it *Is*, I shall only add, to avoid the Difficulty, that its *Architecture* is *Simple*, and *Great*; that every *Ornament* seems to have been placed, through necessity, just where it is; and that the satisfied Eye takes in the whole Structure, never surpriz'd, but always pleas'd. (7.) The

(6.) M. *Felibien* wrote five Volumes on Painting, in which there is less to be found, than in the single Volume, Of Building.

(7.) When we enter a Structure, built according to the

The Temple was furrounded with a Croud of *Virtuoso's*, *Artists*, and *Judges* of all kinds, who attempted to enter, but cou'd not: for *Criticism*, with a look of Severity and Justice, who kept the Keys of The august Entrance, repulsed, with an Arm of Brass, the *Gothic Herd*, which was perpetually advancing.

The *Goddeſs* refus'd admittance to those *obſcure Satiriſts*, who, underhand, publiſh wretched Criticiſms on Good Performances; A Race of Inſects, whoſe Exiſtence we ſhou'd know nothing of, did they not endeavour to bite. She ſent back, likewise, thoſe buſy, idle, *Courtiers*, who employ their whole Credit, to no purpoſe, in raiſing a Party againſt a new Piece: Such intriguing Cabals of pretended Men of Wit, whom we ſee, at *Paris*, patronize the *Pradons*, and *Scuder's*, againſt the immortal Writings of *A Corneille*, or *A Racine*.

She repulſ'd more roughly Thoſe unjuſt and dangerous Perſons, Thoſe *Enemies* of All *Merit*, who ſincerely hate every thing, that ſucceeds, whatever it be,

true Rules of Architecture, and obſerve all the Proportions, nothing appears either too big or too little; and the Whole ſeems to grow upon us inſenſibly, in proportion as we conſider it. The quite contrary happens in Gothic Buildings.

Such

Such Men wou'd, alike, have envied the great *Condé* his *Rocroy*, *Villars* his *Denain*, and *Corneille* his *Polieucte*. *Le Brun* wou'd have incurr'd their Anger for his Picture of the *Family of Darius*. Their Mouths distil Calumny: *Telemachus* is, with Them, A Libel against *Lewis XIV.* and *Efther* a Satire upon the Ministry: They give you a New Key to *La Bruyere*: They infect every Thing they touch; Begotten by *Pride* on the Loyns of *Envy*; They fascinate the Eyes of our French *Midas*s; The *Fool* applauds; The *Knave* supports them; whilst the poor, ruin'd, *Arts* fly far off, to give vent to those Tears, which only juster Times can wipe away.

They All fled at the sight of the *Cardinal*, and the *Abbot de Rothelin*, whom They had a natural Aversion to. Their hasty Flight made room for a more entertaining Spectacle: It was a Croud of Authors of all Sorts, who press'd for Admittance. One brought a *New Romance*; Another, a *Speech to the Academy*; A Third, a *Poetical Miscellany*, with a long Approbation, which the Publick never heard of. One Author presented a *Mandate*, written in an affected Style, and was greatly surpriz'd, when the Company fell a laughing, instead of asking his Blessing.

Blessing, " I am the *Reverend Father*" — said One. " Room for my *Lord!*" — cry'd Another.

A certain *Critic*, cry'd out: " Gentle-
 " men! I am an impartial Judge, I talk;
 " I reason; I contradict; I hiss, where
 " the Publick applauds." *Criticism* ap-
 pear'd and said to him: " Friend Bar-
 " dus! You are a very great Master, it
 " must be confess'd, but this is no Place
 " for you. Wou'd you ridicule our Dei-
 " ty? Be satisfied, that you have no
 " knowledge of Him." *Bardus*, thus re-
 puls'd, began a long Discourse against the
 Existence of the *God of Taste*. He as-
 sur'd us, This Divinity was a meer *Chi-
 mera*: he propos'd, he divided, he subdi-
 vided, he distinguish'd, he resum'd; but
 no one listen'd to him.

Amidst the senseless Throng, which
 was refus'd admittance, advanc'd, very
 gently, *La Motte Houdart*, who said,
 with a whining tone, " Open, Gentle-
 " men; I bring my *O'Edipus* in *prose*.
 " My Verses, I confess, are rugged, but
 " manly, and full of Sense. Open the
 " Door, I beseech you; I have a word,
 " or two to say to *Boileau* against the
 " Use of *Verse*."

Criticism acknowledg'd the reasonable
 Author, in the mildness of his Aspect;
 and

and the *Translator* of the *Iliad*, in the Ruggedness of his Style. She left him, for some time, between *Chapelain* and *Desmarets*, who had been railing at *Homer* and *Virgil*, before the Gate of the *Temple*, for fifty Years.

Presently arriv'd Another *Versefier*, on the strength of Two *Satires*. He came up with a confident Air, and express'd his Surprise, that the Door was not immediately open'd.

" I come (says he,) with Mirth and Play,
 " To pass the joyous Hours away,
 " And vent my Spleen 'till dawn of Day. * }

" Who is This, I hear?" says *Criticism*: " 'Tis I," replies the *Rhymer*;
 " I come from *Germany*, to pay you a
 " a visit, and have taken the Season of
 " the Spring."

" For now the Gentle Zephirs crack
 " The Shell that bound the Ocean's Back. †

* Je viens ——— pour rire, et pour m' e battre,
 Me rigolant, menant joyeux deduit,
 Et jusqu' au jour faisant le Diable à quatre.

ROUSSEAU.

† Car les jeunes Zephirs, de leurs chaudes haleines,
 Ont sondu l' ecorce des eaux.

Id.

The

The more he talk'd this Language,
the less the Gate open'd. "You take
"me then," continued He,

"For an Inhabitant o'th' Lake,

"Who chaunts his musical Quaak, Quaak. †

"Good God!" cries *Criticism*, "What
"horrible Jargon!" She order'd the
Gate to be open'd, that she might see the
Animal, who had so remarkable a Cry.
But how great was her Astonishment,
when every Body assur'd her, it was
Rousseau. She shut the Gate against him
as fast as possible: Upon which, the des-
pairing Rhymer cried out to her, in his
Marotic Style;

"Ah! be not so hard-hearted; I de-
"serve Admission into your Temple:
"Let my Humour, and my Style, plead
"for me; Behold Verses against every
"One of my Friends! — O *Criticism*!
"thou useful Goddess! From thee alone
"my Inspiration came: Abhor'd in
"in every place, and at all times, where
"shall I fly for Shelter, but to You?"

† Pour une Grenouille aquatique
Qui du fond d'un petit thorax,
Vau chantant pour toute musique
Brekeke koax, koax, koax.

Id.

At

At these Words, *Criticism* order'd the Temple to be open'd, appear'd with the Air of a Judge, and thus address'd the Cynick.

" *Rousséau* ! You are too little acquainted with Me. The Candor and Ingenuity of *Criticism* never presided over your Writings. Pretend not to the Inspiration of a God, when it is the Demon of *Satire* alone, that possesses your Mind. Certain *Couplets* of a *Song*, and a wretched *Factum*,* have banish'd your Satiric Muse (8.) But the Equitable God *Apollo* has better punish'd your Rage. He takes from you That small Share of *Genius*, which you pretend he had bestow'd upon you ; He deprives you of *Harmony* ; and you have nothing left, at present, but an impotent Passion for continuing to scribble, in spite of him, *Toutonick Verses*, || which He disclaims."

La Motte heard all This : He laugh'd ; but not too loud, and with Discretion. *Rousséau*, in a Passion, reproach'd the *Academician* with all the bad Verses, he

* A Case, drawn up in the Form of a Plea.

(8.) See the *Factum* of Mr. Saurin, of the Academy of Sciences, against *Rousséau* ; with the *Arret*, which condemns the latter as a Calumniator.

|| Verses in an obsolete Style.

had ever made in his Life. “ Remem-
 “ ber (9.) the *Foretelling Horn*,” said *Rouf-
 seau*, with a Sneer : “ And be sure not
 “ to forget the *Egg boil’d in its Shell*,”
 replied *la Mothe* mildly. The Dispute
 wou’d have continued a long time, had
 not *Criticism* enjoind them Silence, and
 said to them : “ Hear Me; Both of you
 “ keep to your first Works, and burn
 “ your last (10.) you, *Rousseau*! take
 “ place of *le Mothe*, in quality of *Verfi-
 fier*: But, whenever Wit and Good
 “ Sense are in question, place your self
 “ far below him.” This was the *God-
 des’s* Decision; but it satisfied neither
 of them.

I was present at This Scene. *Criti-
 cism* descried me. “ Ah !” says She, you
 “ have a great deal of courage to enter
 “ this Place.” I humbly replied; “ Dan-
 “ gerous Goddess! I am here, only in

(9.) Plus loin, une main frenetique
 Chasse du cornet fatidique
 L’ Oracle roulant du Destin.
La Mothe.

Ah ! je connois votre Equivoque,
 Et ressemblez à l’ œuf cuit dans sa coque.
Rousseau.

(10.) *The first Verses of La Mothe, and Rousseau, were
 receivd very favourably by the Publick, but the last had no
 Success.*

“ obedience

" obedience to the Commands of These
 " Gentlemen: I shou'd never have ven-
 " tured hither alone." " Well!" says
 She, " in respect to Them, I permit you
 " to stay; but endeavour to profit by
 " what you see here. In particular, avoid
 " laughing at the Authors, you have
 " seen: Correct your self, without in-
 " structing Them: Give to *Brutus* more
 " *Plot*, to *Zaire* more *Probability*; and,
 " if you will take my Advice, no longer
 " forget, that you wrote *Artemira*.

The Goddess, I found, had still more to
 say; already She began to talk to me of
Philoctetes; when I stole away, and made
 room for an Author, whose single Merit
 far outweigh'd That of *la Motte*, *Rouf-
 seau*, and *Myself*.

It was the learned *Fontenelle*, attended
 by the *Polite Arts*; over whom, at his
 Pleasure, he spread a bright and uncom-
 mon Light. He had just descended, on
 the Wing, from a *Planet*, to revisit This
 Place, the Happy Seat of the Empire of
Taste. He jested with *Quinault*, reason'd
 with *Mairan*, and dextrously handled The
Compass, The *Pen*, and The *Lyre*.

Many of the Learned express'd their
 Indignation at the sight of This Person,
 against whom they had written so many
 Epigrams. " What!" says one of Them,

“ will *True Taste* suffer, in his Temple,
 “ the Author of *The Letters of the Che-*
 “ *valier de Her* —; *The Passion of Au-*
 “ *tumnus*; *Moon-light*; *The Brook in love*
 “ *with the Meadow*; *Aspar*; *Endymion*;
 “ &c?” — “ No!” replied *Criticism*,
 “ We do not consider him as the Author
 “ of these Pieces, but as Author of *The*
 “ *Worlds*, a Work which you may pro-
 “ fit by; of *Thetis and Peleus*, an Opera,
 “ which may provoke your Envy;
 “ and of the *History of the Academy of*
 “ *Sciences*, which I wish you under-
 “ stood.”

Then turning to the amiable *Inter-*
preter of Philosophy, “ I will not reproach
 “ you,” said she, “ as these jealous Cy-
 “ nicks do, with your Juvenile Produc-
 “ tions: But I am *Criticism*; you are
 “ dear to the *God of Taste*, and I am
 “ order’d to tell you, that Your Muse is
 “ a little too fond of Art. Spoil her not
 “ with Paint: Her complexion is beau-
 “ teous enough without it. Go, and fol-
 “ low my Advice; It is That of the
 “ *God of Taste*, of *Criticism*, and the
 “ Publick. In the mean time, place
 “ your self between *Lucretius*, and *Leib-*
 “ *nitz*.”

I demanded, why *Leibnitz* was there:
 They told me, it was because he had
 written

written some tolerable good *Latin Verses*, though he was a *Metaphysician*, and a *Geometer*; and that *Criticism* suffer'd him in This Place, in order to soften, by This Example, the rugged Disposition of most of his Fraternity.

As for *Lucretius*, he blush'd, at first, at the sight of the *Cardinal*, his Enemy. But scarce had he heard him speak, but he lov'd him: He ran, and embraced him, confess'd his Errors, and address'd him, in excellent Latin Verse, to the following Effect.

" Blind as I was, yet I thought I saw
 " *Nature*: I walk'd in the Night, con-
 " ducted by *Epicurus*: I adored, as a *God*,
 " That Conceited Mortal, who made
 " War with Heaven, and dethroned the
 " Gods. The *Soul* appear'd to me but
 " a Faint Spark, which the Night of
 " Death disperses in Air. You have van-
 " quish'd me; I yield; and confess the
 " Soul is Immortal, no less than Your
 " Name, Your Writings, and My Verses."

The *Cardinal* answer'd *Lucretius* in the Language of That Poet. All the Poets of Antiquity, who heard him, took him for an *Old Roman*.

At length, after these agreeable Interruptions, amidst the *Polite Arts*, the *Muses*, and the *Pleasures* themselves, we arriv'd

arriv'd at the very Altar, and Throne, of
the *God of Taste*.

I saw This *God*, whom I invoke in
vain; This Charming *God*, whom De-
scription cannot reach; This *God*, whom
we cannot worship with too scrupulous
an adoration; Whose Influence *La Fon-
taine* makes us feel; and whom *Vadius*
is yet in search of.

He amused himself, with studying
Those Simple and Genuine *Graces*, which
are the Boast of *France*; Those affecting
and lively *Graces*, which attentive Na-
tions oft would imitate; which are not
The Captives of *Art*; which have long
reign'd in the *Gallic Court*; and which
Nature and *Love* gave birth to on our
Shores.

By This lovely Troop is the *God* ever
surrounded; Their Hands adorn him;
and it is by Them He desires to please.
They have crown'd him with a *Diadem*,
form'd, by *Apollo* himself, on *Parnassus*,
of the *Lawrels* of the Divine *Virgil*, The
Lyre and *Myrtle* of *Horace*, and The
Roses of *Anacreon*. In his Aspect reigns
Wisdom: His Air is soft, but full of Vi-
vacity; and in his Eyes The *Loves* have
express'd The *Delicate Sentiment*.

Le More sung before his Altars: Near
Her, *Pelissier* express'd all the Tender-
ness

ness of *Lulli* (11.): *Salle*, with all the Grace and Justness of Motion, travers'd the Temple (12.): *Camargo* lightly bounded along (13.): And, farther off, *Le Couvreur* was *rebearfing*, with That divine Grace, which formerly added new Charms to *Racine*. (14.)

The Sage *Rollin* (15.) kept at a distance from this enchanting Throng: He was reading Lectures, at the farther end of the *Temple*, to the Youth; who listen'd attentively to him, notwithstanding the *Severity* of the *Morals*, which he taught, and the *Academic Robe* he wore; a Thing very uncommon to Those of his Profession.

(11.) *Mademoiselles Le More and Pelissier, Two celebrated Singers at the Opera.*

(12.) *Mademoiselle Salle, an excellent Dancer, who expresses the Passions. This Lady, at present, is in England, and performs at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.*

(13.) *Mademoiselle Camargo, the first, who danced as a Man.*

(14.) *Adrienne Le Couvreur, the best Actress in Tragedy, France ever had; and the first, who introduced on the Stage the Natural Declamation.*

(15.) *Charles Rollin, formerly Rector of the University, Author of the Treatise of Studies, a Book written with great correctness and Taste, and in which the Publick only found fault with a few Pleasantries improperly introduced.*

In

In a Vaulted Cloſet, embellish'd with the *Sculpture* of *Girardon* and *le Puget* (16.), *Pouſſin* was *Painting*; *Le Sueur* placed himſelf among Them; and *Le Brun* was drawing *Deſigns* (17.). The *God*, who followed with his Eye each Stroke of their Pencil, though he greatly approv'd them, cou'd not forbear complaining, that, in ſpight of their Efforts, Their *Pictures* ſtill wanted the *Colouring* of *Nature*. Preſently The Sportive *Loves* retouch'd each Piece, with a Pencil, dipp'd in the beautiful Colours of The *Pallet* of *Rubens*.

In the ſame Cloſet, ſacred to the *modern Apelles's* and *Phidias's*, ſome were cultivating That other *Art*, found out in *Italy*, and brought to Perfection in *France*; (18.) That *Art*, which multiplies, and

(16.) *Girardon* and *Le Puget* Two excellent French Sculptors. *Girardon* had more Grace, *Le Puget* more Expreſſion.

(17.) *Le Pouſſin*, *Le Brun*, and *Le Sueur*, are at the Head of the French School. They are all three cenſured for neglecting The *Colouring*, which is the moſt bewitching Part of *Painting*; but They excelled in The *Deſign*, which is the moſt eſſential Part.

(18.) The *Art* of *Graving* in *Copper*, diſcover'd at *Florence*, by a *Goldſmith*, named *Finguerra*, at the beginning of the 16th Century; and found out, like moſt other Arts, by Chance.

immortalises,

immortalises, *Picture*, without the help of *Colours*. There you might see a Collection of *Impresses*, from all the beautiful *Paintings* in *France*.

Crozat (19.) presided over This Design: He conducted *The Graving Tool*, which immortalises, on *Copper*, the happy Grace of *Boulogne*, and the judicious Spirit of *Poussin*.

Opposite, are The *Models* of our finest *Buildings*. The *Connoisseurs* assembled about *Colbert*, The *Mecænas* and Protector of Arts and Sciences. They all congratulated the *Cardinal de Polignac* on The *Salon*, or *Great Hall*, of *Marius*, which he dug up at *Rome*, and now adorns *France* with. (20.)

(19.) N——— *Crozat*, one of the most celebrated Virtuoso's, caus'd to be engrav'd the *Paintings* and *Designs* of the greatest *Masters* in *France*. This *Work* is already very far advanced by the Care of *Mr. Robert*, a very able Sculptor and Painter.

(20.) The *Cardinal de Polignac*, conjecturing, that a certain Spot of Ground in *Rome* was the Place, where *Marius* dwelt, procur'd it to be dug up. Several Foot under Ground, They discover'd an entire *Salon*, or *Great-Hall*, with several *Statues*, very well preserv'd. Among these *Statues*, are Ten, which form a compleat Series, and represent *Achilles*, disguised as a Woman, at the Court of *Lycomedes*, and discover'd by the Artifice of *Ulysses*. This Collection is the most uncommon and beautiful of any in Europe. It is at the *Cardinal's House*, where the Curious may see it.

E

Colbert

Colbert often cast his Eyes on That beautiful *Front* of The *Louvre*, the Invention of which is still disputed between *Perrault*, and *Le Vau*. He express'd his Grief, that so fine a Monument wou'd perish, without ever having been finish'd. " Ah ! " said he, " why was Nature forced, to make, of the *Castle of Versailles*, " an undeserv'd Favourite, whilst, by " continuing the *Louvre*, we might have " equal'd, in Good *Taste*, both ancient " and modern *Rome* ? "

On an Altar was to be seen The *Plan* of *Luxembourg* ; of That noble *Portal*, which wants a *Square*, a *Church*, and *Admirers* ; of that *Fountain*, which was a Master-Piece of *Taste*, in a Time of Ignorance ; of That *Triumphal Arch*, which wou'd have been the Admiration of *Rome*, and which the Vulgar Name of *St. Denys's Gate* deprives of all its Merit, in the Eyes of most *Parisians*.

The *God*, in the mean time, was amusing himself with forming the Model of a Compleat *Palace*. He added the *Architecture* of the *Castle de Maisons*, the Situation, Proportions, and Ornaments of which He had himself suggested to the amiable Owner of the Edifice, and to which he added some Conveniences.

I demanded, with a low voice, why there have been, in proportion, fewer good *Architects* in *France*, than good *Sculptors*. The *Cardinal*, who is acquainted with the whole Circle of Arts, condescended to reply thus. “ In the first place, *Sculptors* “ and *Painters*, have the full Liberty of “ their Genius; whereas *Architects* are “ often cramp’d by the *Situation*, but “ oftner by the caprice of the Master. “ In the Second place, *Sculptors* and *Painters*, as they perform a greater number “ of Works, have more opportunities of “ correcting themselves. An hundred Private Persons had it in their Power to “ employ the Pencils of *Poussin*, *Jouvenet*, “ *Santerre*, *Boulogne*, and *Vatau*; and, “ even at this Day, our Modern *Painters* work, almost all of them, for meer “ Citizens. But One must be a *King*, or “ Superintendant, to exercise the Genius “ of a *Mansart* or *Desbrosses*. In Short, “ the Success of the *Painter* is in the “ *Design* of his Piece; That of the *Architect* in his *Model* on the Ground: the “ *Model* of the *Architect*, on the contrary, is deceitful; because The *Building*, “ view’d afterwards at a greater distance, “ has a very different Effect, and *Aerial* “ *Perspective* changes the *Proportions*. In “ a word, It is often, with regard to the

" Plan of a *Building*, as to most *Ma-*
 " *cbines*, which succeed only in *Minia-*
 " *ture*."

Having examin'd This Closet, in which *Architecture*, *Sculpture*, and *Painting*, display'd their Charms, we went on to a Part of the *Temple*, where were assembled All those illustrious Persons, whom we distinguish by the Name of *Wits*, or *Great Genius's*.

Among these celebrated Writers, The *Pavillons*, The *Benferades*, The *Pelissons*, The *Segrais*, The *St. Evremonts*, The *Balzaes*, and The *Voitures*, seem'd to me not to stand in the foremost Rank. " They did, indeed, formerly," said one of my Guides; " They Shone, " 'till *Polite Learning* dawn'd upon us: " but, by little and little, they have " given place to truly Great Men: " They, now, make but a very moderate figure here. In truth, the greatest " Part of them had only the *Genius* " of their own Times, not That *Genius*, " which passes to latest Posterity. Many of the Beauties of their Works " are already faded: They are still " reckon'd among the *Wits*, but excluded the Rank of *Genius's*."

They

They say, that *Segrais*, one day,
endeavour'd to enter the *Temple*, re-
peating This Verse of *Boileau*;

Que *Segrais* dans l' *Eglogue* en charme les forêts.

Segrais, in *Eclogue*, charm the listening Woods.

But *Criticism*, unhappily for him,
having read some Pages of his *Æneid*,
and *Georgicks*, in *French Verse*, refused
him the Gate, and admitted, in his
Place, *Madame de la Fayette* (21.), who
had written, under the name of *Segrais*,
Zaïde, and *The Princess of Cleves*.

Pelisson has a place in the *Temple*,
on account of the *History of the Fran-
che-Comté*; but He is inexcusable for
inserting so many childish Things in
his *History of the Academy*, and report-
ing foolish Sayings as Pieces of *Wit*.

(21.) Mr. Huet, Bishop of Avranches, relates, in the
204th Page of his Commentaries, Edition of Amster-
dam, that *Madame de la Fayette* had so little regard to
the Reputation she deserv'd, that she suffered her *Zaïde*
to appear under the name of *Segrais*; "and, when I pub-
lish'd this Piece of Secret History," says the Bishop,
"some of the Friends of *Segrais*, who knew not the Truth
of it, complain'd of it, as an outrage to his Memory.
"But it is a Fact, of which I was long an Eye-Witness,
"and which I can prove by several Letters of *Madame*
"de la Fayette, and by the original Manuscript of *Zaïde*.
"the leaves of which she sent me as fast as she compos'd
"Them.

The

The *Agreeable*, but *Weak*, *Pavillon* makes his Court to *Madame Deshouliers*. The *unequal St. Evremont* dares not speak of *Verse* to Any One. *Voiture* and *Benferade* are in quest of *Wit*, and meet with only *Turns* and *Quibbles*, which They themselves immediately after blush for: whilst *Balzac*, keeping Alone at the Top of the Vaulted Roof, and Unintelligible to every one, disclaims himself out of Breath, in long, *hyperbolic*, Phrases.

The *Cardinal* and his *Friend* enquired for the *Count de Buffy*, who, with a discontented fierceness, kept apart from the Company. The *Amiable*, The *Natural*, *Madame de Sevigny* hasten'd to them instead of Him. She told them, that her dear *Cousin*, A Man of *Wit*, but a little *Vain*, and who tir'd his Readers with repeated Commendations of himself, had met with but an indifferent Reception in these happy Regions, for having so often spoken of himself with an Air of Vain-Glory. But his *Son*, his amiable Son, said She, is ever with Us. It is He, who was esteem'd, at *Paris*, The Deity of good Company; whose delightful Conversation so commanded all Hearts; who without Flattery, or Calumny, and disclaiming

claiming all Pretence to Wit, yet *spoke* as well, as his Father thought he *wrote*.

Hither I saw arrive the sprightly *Abbé de Chaulieu*, who us'd to rise from Table humming a Song. He ventured to caress the *God*, with a familiar, but amiable, Air. His lively Imagination, sweetly intoxicated, pour'd forth *Incorrec^t Beauties*, which offended a little against *Justness*, but were extremely *Passionate*.

The softer *La Fare*, tuning his Harp a Note lower, sung, before his Mistress, certain Verses, which *Pleasure* and *Indolence* dictated to This bulky *Celadon*.

The *God* was extremely fond of these two Gentlemen, especially *La Fare*, who piqued himself upon nothing, and even advised His Friend *Chaulieu* to look upon himself only as the First of the *Careless Poets*, not the First of the *Good Ones*, as The *Abbé* very sincerely flatter'd himself he was.

Between these Two stood *Chapelle*; *Chapelle*, more *debauch'd*, than *delicate*; more *natural*, than *polite*; Easy in his *Verse*; *libertin* in his *Ideas*; and *incorrec^t* in his *Style*: He address'd himself to the *God of Taste* always in the same Metre. They say, The *God*, one day, replied to him: Restrain your *Passion*

tion for This *unmeaning Rabble of Words*, These *Rhyming Notbings*, which *Richelet* makes a Parade of, but Men of Judgment deride.—This was the *God's Advice*, and I think I shall do well to follow it myself.

Chapelle, Chaulieu, La Fare, and *St. Evremond*, were in Conversation with the celebrated *Duke de la Rochefoucault*, and *Madame de la Fayette*: Their Dialogue had neither the Affectation of the *Hôtel de Rambouillet*, nor the *Noise and Tumult*, which reigns among our young Hot-headed Sparks. They equally avoided The *Precise*, the *Pedantick*, The *Starck'd Air of Syllogism*, and the *Folly of Passion*. They gracefully united *Good Sense* with *Gaiety*, and *Justness* with *Wit*. Various were the Turns of *Humour*; They Rallied each other most agreeably; whilst *Good Sense*, not to grow tiresome, disguis'd itself in *Pleasantry*. They examin'd, whether The *Arts* delighted more in a *Monarchy*, than A *Republick*; Whether, at present, we want the Assistance of the *Ancients*; Whether *Books* are not too numerous; and Whether *Tragedy* and *Comedy* be not exhausted. They settled the true Difference between The *Man of Ability*, and The *Man of Wit*; between The
Critic

Critic, and *The Satirist*; between *The Imitator*, and *The Plagiary*. Sometimes They suffered the same Person to discourse singly, a long time; but this rarely happen'd. Luckily for me, at that very instant, They were assembled about the famous *Ninon Lenclos*. This celebrated *Lady*, who added such great *Probity* to the pleasing Talent of being *Fickle* and *Inconstant*, was, then, making a gay Discourse on That pleasing *Art*, and *Delicacy*, which gives the *Humblest Beauty* the Power of Charming.

Whilst I was listening attentively to her Discourse, my Two Grave Conductors amused themselves, in conversation with some *Jesuits*, concerning *Polite Learning*.

The *Jesuits* (will some *Jansenist* say) intrude every where; but the Truth is, The *God of Taste* has greatly instructed Those *Fathers*; He receives them no less than their Enemies; and it is pleasant enough to see *Bourdaloue*, in this place, conversing with *Pascal*, on the great Art of joining *Eloquence* with *Reasoning*.

Behind Them, was The *exact* and *delicate Boubours*, who was taking down, in a Pocket-Book, all the Faults of *Language*, and the little *Negligences*, which

F

escaped

escaped *Bourdaloue*, and *Pascal*. The *Cardinal de Polignac* cou'd not forbear saying to Father *Boubours*; " Leave this
 " Critical Exactness; Let us rather ad-
 " mire the *Happy Defects* of their *Mas-*
 " *culine* and *Free Eloquence*. I had ra-
 " ther *err* with Them, than, with so
 " scrupulous a Critic as You, employ
 " my Time in weighing every Word
 " in a Scale."

This was said more *politely*, than I re-
 present it. Father *Boubours* replied;
 " Suffer me to go on with my small
 " Remarks. *Great Men* are the proper
 " Objects of Criticism, lest the Faults,
 " They commit, against Rule, shou'd
 " serve as a Rule to inferior Writers.
 " We must censure the Errors of *Pouss-*
 " *sin* and *Sueur*, not of *Rouet* and *Vig-*
 " *non*; and, when your *Anti-Lucretius*
 " shall be Printed, depend upon My
 " Criticism.

" With all my Heart; examine,
 " contend for Trifles, as much as you
 " please, (said a Young *Duke*, who had
 just been hearing *Ninon*, and seem'd
 much affected with her Discourse;)
 " for my own Part, I cannot possibly
 " find Fault with any One Thing,
 " This whole Day."

This

This Gentleman, whom *Ninon* had made so indulgent, was He, who, with a sprightly, amiable, and easy, Genius, was remarkable for the Happy Talent of passing, alternately, from The *Temple* of *Polite Arts* to The *Temple* of *Love*; but who was much better pleas'd with the latter *Asylum*. Presented by the Hands of The *Graces*, in *Germany*, and *Italy*, He charm'd *Europe*, which His *Uncle* had made to tremble. He is even much better receiv'd in The *Temple* of *Taste*, than That boasted *Uncle*, who restor'd the *Polite Arts*, in *France*, with the same Hand, with which he humbled, or destroy'd, its Enemies. This *Terrible Minister*, fear'd, hated, envied, admired, to excess, in every Court, and in his own, is dreaded even in The *Temple* of *Taste*, of which He is The Restorer. They are every Moment in fear, lest he shou'd take it in his Head to introduce *Chapelain*, *Colletet*, *Faret*, and *Desmarets*; with whom he, formerly, compos'd most wretched Verses.

When I perceiv'd, that The *Cardinal de Richelieu* had not All the Precedence given him, I cried out; " It is " the same, then, here, as every where " else. Inclination prevails over Servi-

" ces;" The *Cadinal* himself replied :
 " To establish, To preserve, To put in
 " Motion, and restrain ; To give the
 " World Peace, and direct Victory where
 " to fix.—It is This, which has conducted
 " me, rather to the *Temple of Glory*,
 " than to The *Temple of Taste*. I am
 " sensible, that, in This Sanctuary, The
 " *Authority* of the *Minister*, The Ho-
 " nour of patronizing the *Polite Arts*,
 " perhaps without understanding Them,
 " Splendor, Intrigue, and Credit, can-
 " not equal the Charms of *Wit*, and
 " The Happy Gift of *Pleasing*. This
 " Gift of *Pleasing* does every Thing:
 " It makes The Author of a *Song* take
 " place, in the *Temple*, of The Com-
 " piler of an *hundred Volumes*: It is
 " This, which places, almost in the
 " same Rank with The *Illustrious*, Those
 " Wise and Happy Men, who, in the
 " bosom of *Arts*, and *Leisure*, pass the
 " delightful Moments of their Life
 " in *Giving*, and *Receiving*, Pleasure.
 " They have Abilities for Writing ; but,
 " in order to gain admittance into
 " This *Temple*, What did they do?
 " They were *amiable*."

It was among These *Men of Pleasure*,
 and *Artists*, that I found The easy, pru-
 dent, and agreeable, *La Faye*. Happy
 He,

He, who can pass, like Him, the last Years of Life! sometimes composing Verses, easy, and full of Grace; sometimes hearing Those of Others, without Envy or Contempt; opening his Closet to *All the Arts*, but his House to the Men alone of gay and polite Conversation. How many Private Persons, in *Paris*, resemble him, indeed, in their Fortune? But They want *Taste*: They enjoy it insipidly, and All they understand is, *to be Rich*.

After having tasted the conversation of these amiable Men, we went to see the *Library*. It will easily be believ'd, that we did not meet with, there, an Heap of *Worm-eaten Manuscripts*, nor an useless Collection of *Authors*, whom no one ever read. The *Muses* themselves had ranged, in their proper order, Those *Authors*, which are universally read, and admired, and whose accurate Judgment had supplied them with neither too many, nor too few, *Flowers*.

Almost All the *Editions* are corrected, and retrench'd, by the Hand of the *Muses*. Three fourths, at least, of *Rabelais* are curtail'd, and what remains, whimsical as it is, serves only to make the *God of Taste* sometimes laugh. *Marot*, who is Master of but One Style, and
who

who sings, in the same Tone, *David's Psalms*, and the *Wonders of Alix*, is reduced to *five* or *six Leaves*. *Voiture*, and *Sarazin*, have not above *sixty Pages* between them both. The whole Spirit of *Bayle* is compriz'd in *One Volume*; and That Judicious *Philosopher*, That enlighten'd Judge of such a Number of *Authors*, and *Sects*, wou'd, probably, have compos'd but *One Folio*, had He wrote only for himself, and not for the *Booksellers*.

St. Evremont, who talks so *delicately* of *Religion*, so *solidly* of *Trifles*, and who wrote such long Letters to the Fair *Madame Mazarin*, is confin'd to a very small Volume; nor do we meet with, in it, the *Conversation* of *Father Canaye*, which belongs to *Charleval*.

The *Conspiracy of Venice*, the only Work, which gives the *Abbot de St. Real* a Name, is plac'd next *Salust*. There is no *French Writer*, as yet, whom the *Muses* can range with *Tacitus*.

At last, we were admitted within the *Sanctuary*. There the *Mysteries* of The God were reveal'd to me. There I beheld, what ought to serve as an Example to all Posterity, a Small Number of *Great Men* doing what they
never

never did in their Lives, discovering,
and *correcting*, their *Faults*.

La Bruyere was softening the *harsh*
and *forced Turns*, which we meet with
in his nervous, and uncommon, *Style*.
The Amiable *Author* of *Telemachus* re-
trench'd the *Details* and *Repetitions*, in
his *Moral Romance*, and erased the *Ti-*
tle of *Epick Poem*, which some of his
Zealous Admirers bestow on him; for
he sincerely owns, that there is no such
Thing as a *Poem* in *Prose*.

Bossuet, the only *French-man* truly *E-*
loquent, amidst so many Writers in *Prose*,
who, for the most part, are only *Ele-*
gant; *Bossuet*, I say, very willingly re-
trench'd some *Vulgarities*, which had
escaped his vast and ready Genius, and
which disfigured the Beauty of his *Fu-*
neral Orations.

The Great, The Sublime, *Corneille*,
who pleas'd the *Ear* less than the *Mind*,
which he astonish'd; That *Corneille*,
who *pictured* the Souls of *Augustus*,
Cinna, *Pompey*, and *Cornelia*, threw into
the Fire his *Pulcheria*, *Agefilaus*, and
Surena, and sacrificed, without Pity,
Those unfortunate Children, the languid
Ospring of his Old Age, and too un-
worthy of their Elder Brethren.

The

The more *pure*, the more *elegant*, the more *tender* *Racine*, who speaks nearer to the Heart, engaging, without surprising, his Reader, takes a view of the Portraits of *Bajazet*, *Xiphares*, *Britannicus*, and *Hippolitus*. Scarce can he perceive any Distinction between their Touches; Their Merit is equal; alike tender, gallant, soft, and discrete; And *Love*, who follows in their Train, takes Them for *French Courtiers*.

And, You, O favourite of Nature! You, *La Fontaine*, whose Genius carelessly adorn'd, feels no restraint from Rhyme, or Measure, tell us, charming Author! your own opinion of your inimitable Writings? direct us how to judge of your *Tales* and *Fables*.

La Fontaine, who preserv'd the native simplicity of his Character, and who, in The *Temple of Taste*, join'd *Discretion* to That *Happy Instinct*, he had when alive, retrench'd the *first*, and *last*, of his *Fables*, shorten'd his *Tales*, and tore away more than three fourths of an huge Collection of *Posthumous Works*, printed by Those Editors, who live by the Follies of The Dead.

There reign'd *Boileau*, their Master in the Art of Writing: He, who arm'd *Reason* with the Darts of *Satire*: Who,
giving

giving the *Precept* and *Example* at once,
made the rigorous Laws of *Apollo* to
flourish. He review'd his Offspring with
a severe Eye ; He blush'd at being the
Father of *Double Meaning* ; He smiled
at the weak strokes of his Pencil, with
which he disfigured *The Vanquisher of*
Namur ; He effaced them himself ; and
seems still to say,

Ou Sachez vous connoître; ou gardez vous d'écrire.

Or know yourself, or venture not to write.

Boileau, by express command of The
God of *Taste*, reconciled himself with
Quinault, who is the Poet of The *Graces*,
as *Boileau* is The Poet of *Reason*.
But The severe *Satirist* embraced, with
seeming Unwillingness, The Amiable
and Good-Natur'd *Lyric*, who pardon'd
him with a Smile. " Our Quarrel is at
" an end," said *Boileau*, " only on con-
" dition that you acknowledge, there
" are many things very *insipid* in Those
" *Opéras* of yours, which pleas'd so
" much." " With all my Heart! I a-
" gree to it ;" said *Quinault* ; " but You
" shall confess, in your turn, that you
" cou'd not have written *Atys*, or *Ar-*
" *mida*. Be as *correct* in your *beauties*,
" as you please ; May your Works com-

G

" mand

“mand *Respect*; but suffer me to be
“*Amiable*.”

Enchanted, and in Raptures with every thing about me, as I was traversing This Sacred Place, I encounter'd *Moliere*. I cou'd not forbear addressing This short Compliment to Him.

“The *Elegant*, but *Cold*, *Terence* is
“the First of *Translators*: You was
“The *Painter* of our *Manners*, of The
“*Universe*, and of *France*: Our Haugh-
“*Courtiers*, Our prejudiced *Cits*, such
“Objects of Ridicule, beheld themselves
“drawn to the Life by your Pen: You
“wou'd have corrected them, were the
“Human Mind capable of being so.”

“Ah!” said He, “Why did my
“*Profession* oblige me to divide my Ta-
“lents? Why did I write for The Vul-
“gar? Had I been Master of my Time,
“The Unravelling of my *Plots* had
“been more Happy, and my *Plots*
“themselves more diversified; and had
“I written only for Good Judges, I
“shou'd have given less into *Low Co-*
“*medy*.”

Thus it was that These *Great Men* shew'd their Superiority by acknowledging their Faults.

Every thing I saw convinc'd me, that
The God of *Taste* is very difficult to
please.

please. I observ'd, that The Works, which he is most particular in Criticising, are Those, which, upon the Whole, please him most. No Author, with Him, is in the Wrong, who has found out the *Art of Pleasing*: He criticises without Passion; but He approves with Transport. *Melpomene*, displaying her Charms, presents her *Heroes* to Him; The *God* perceives their *Faults*, but it is with Tears: Unhappy He, who ever *reasons*, never melts into Compassion! *God of Taste*! Thy Divine Palace is an Abode, such an One never approaches.

We were ready to depart, when The *God* address'd my *Two Protectors* to the following Effect.

" Adieu! my dearest Favourites,
 " loaded with the honours of *Parnassus*!
 " *Jus*! Suffer not, in *Paris*, my *Rival*
 " to usurp my Place: I know, that
 " *False-Taste* trembles to appear before
 " Your piercing Eyes. If ever you
 " meet him, you will easily know him.
 " Ever loaded with Ornaments, and ad-
 " justing his Voice and Looks, he as-
 " sumes My Name, and displays My
 " Standard; but The Imposture is ea-
 " sily seen thro'; for He is but the
 " *Son of Art*, whereas I am *The Off-*
 " *spring of Nature*.

The God, then, spoke to Them of The Protection, which is due to the *Polite Arts*; of The Glory They give to a Country, where They flourish, to Those, who cultivate, and Those, who patronize, Them. He cried out, with a little *Enthusiasm*, which, sometimes, he does not disdain, but always knows how to moderate; " Let *Clermont* (22.) go
 " on to brighten in the Shine of my
 " Law: He, His Sisters, The Loves,
 " and Myself, have, All, the same Origin. — Shine, ye Illustrious Youth of
 " *France*! in the bosom of *Polite Arts*,
 " whilst The Thunders of *Mars* repose
 " in silence. — *Brassac* (23.)! be ever

(22.) *The Count de Clermont, a Prince of the Blood, founded, at twenty Years of Age, an Academy of Arts, composed of an Hundred Persons, who assemble at His House; and he is remarkable for patronizing All Men of Learning.*

(23.) *The Chevalier de Brassac has not only the uncommon Talent of composing the Musick of an Opera; but has the Courage to get it perform'd, and to set This Example to The French Nobility. The Italians, who have been our Masters in every Thing, have long not blush'd to give their Works to The Publick. The Marquis Maffei has just establish'd the Glory of The Italian Theatre. The Baron d' Astorga, and The present Archbishop of Pisa, have composed several favourite Operas. The Words of The Chevalier de Brassac's Opera are by Mr. de Monteris, Author of the Fable of Tithonus and Aurora;*

" my

" my Support! 'Tis I have tuned the
 " Lyre, your Fingers strike. You sing
 " Love's Empire, and compose in *mine*.
 " — *Cailus* (24.)! You are dear to
 " All the Arts: I myself conduct your
 " beautiful *Designs*; whilst *Raphaels* re-
 " joice to be engraved by your Hands.
 " — Young *Destampe*, and You, *Surge-*
 " *re* (25.)! employ Your assiduous Cares
 " in the excellent Verses, you deign to
 " compose; and let The *Fools*, to their
 " Confusion, henceforth be taught, that
 " To follow *Minerva* and *Apollo* is not
 " to *Degenerate*.

(24.) N—— Marquis de Cailus is famous for his
 Taste for Arts, and the Encouragement he gives to good
 Artists. He Engraves himself; and his Designs are cu-
 riously express'd. The Cabinets of the Curious are full of
 them. Mr. de St. Maurice, an Officer of the Guards,
 Engraves likewise: he has engraved a Design of Le
 Nain's, which is a Master-Piece.

(25.) N—— de la Rochefoucault, Marquis de Sur-
 gere, has written a Comedy, entitl'd The School of
 the World, A Piece, without dispute, well written, and
 in which there are Strokes, which The famous Duke de la
 Rochefoucault wou'd have approv'd. The Marquis d'
 Estampes, who is call'd Mr. de la Ferte Imbaut, will
 allow me, notwithstanding his extreme Modesty, to say, that
 he wrote, at the Age of 18, a Tragedy in very harmoni-
 ous Verse, at a time when the old Poets of the Profession
 were so unreasonable as to write against Harmony.

The End.

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